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Frohe, Gott geheiligte

Gefänge

zur feyerlichen Einweihung

der

Deutsch reformirten Salems-Kirche,

in Harrisburg,

am 4ten August, 1822.

John Weinbrenner, Prediger der Gemeinde.

—*—*—*—

HYMNS,

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION

OF THE

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH,

AT

HARRISBURG,

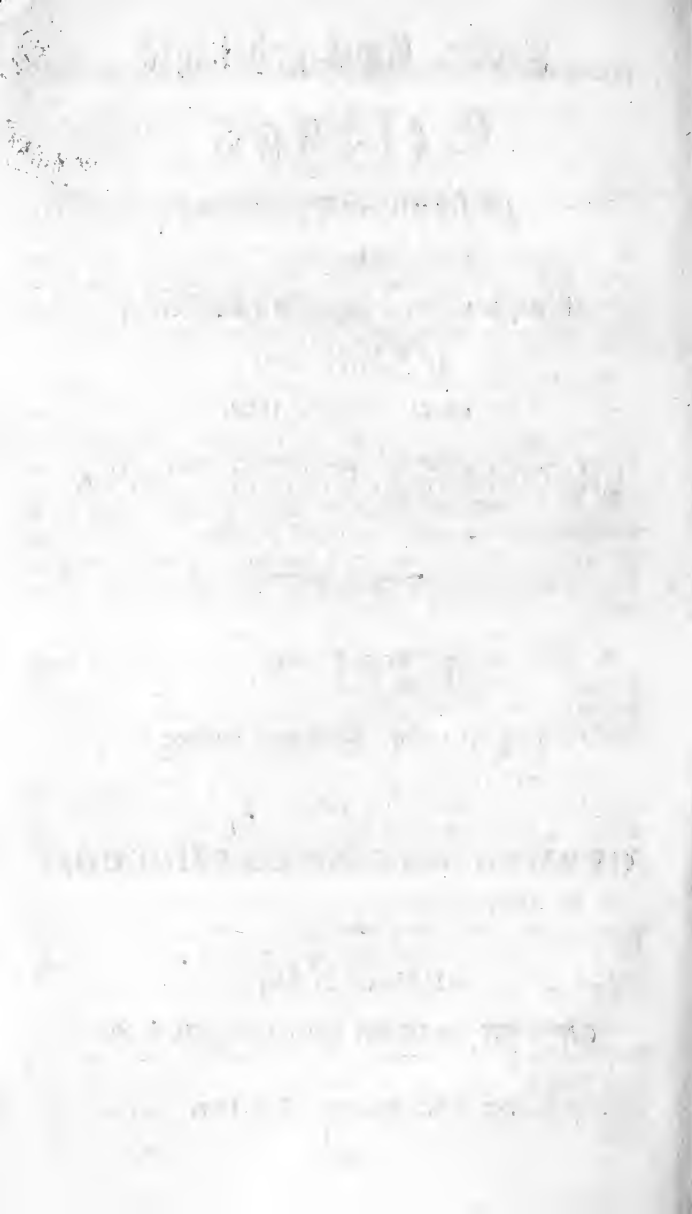
ON THE FOURTH OF AUGUST, 1822.

JOHN WEINBRENNER, PASTOR.

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



8. Nun segne huldreich dieses haus, Daß wir nach dir, Herr! nennen. Treib feindschaft, stolz und zank hinaus; Lehr uns dich hier recht kennen; Stöhr alles, was uns stöhren will; Laß uns in dieser Zionsstill Dich freudig ehren, loben.

9. Lob, ehre, dank und herrlichkeit, Sey dir, o Herr! gesungen, Daß uns bey dieser schweren zeit Dies werk durch dich gelungen. Sieh, daß, was wir jetzt fangen an, Nicht eher ende nehmen kann, Bis erd' und himmel brechen.

No. 2. Melodie, Herzliebster Jesu 2c.

1. Dir, Ewiger, sey dieses haus geweiht! Hier feyert gern, wer deines heils sich freuet; O laß auch uns, mit freuden vor dich treten Dich anzubeten.

2. Dich preißt der lobgesang der himmelsheere! Auch unser tempel schall', von deiner ehre! Auch unser dank, und unser kindlich flehen Soll dich erhdhen.

3. Wir freuen uns die stätte zu begrüßen Wo dürstenden, des lebens bäche fließen, Und wo dein ruhm von dir geweihten zungen Froh wird besungen!

4. Wir wollen andachtsvoll, o Höchster! vor dich treten, Weil du die liebste, die kindlich zu dir beten. Der thoren glück, die sich der sünde freuen, Kann nicht gedeihen.

5. O laß doch heute deinen Geist uns lehren, Vom wege, der dir mißfällt, umzukehren. Regiere uns, daß unsre ganze seele Zum trost dich wähle.

6. Dies Haus sey uns ein denkmale deiner güte; Heil bring es uns, und lenk das gemüthe, Auf jenes glück, das uns dein Sohn erworben, Als er gestorben.

7. Ja preiß sey dir, du Todesüberwinder! In diesem haus, weil du zum heil der sündler, Die fern von Gott, im todeschatten sassen, Dein grab verlassen.

8. Wir feyern heute dankbar froh auf erden. Laß dieses haus auch deines rums voll werden! Lob sey Erbs-
 fer! deinem großen namen Auf ewig, amen!

No. 3.

1. Heut' weihen wir, dieß Hause dir,
 O Jesus Christ', du wahre Zier!
 Du ächte Thür zur Ewigkeit,
 Dich preißen wir von Herzen heut'.
2. O Heiland, dir sey ewig dank,
 Für deinen Segen im Fortgang—
 Für deinen Schutz bis auf die Zeit
 Da nun dieß Haus wird eingeweiht.
3. Hier sind wir nun, vor deinem Thron,
 In neuem Bau—O Gottes Sohn!
 Komm lehre gnädig bey uns ein,
 O laß dieß Haus dein Wohnort seyn.
4. Hier; wo du hast stiften lassen,
 Das Gedächtniß, deines Nahm's: wenn
 Wir, O Höfster! vor dich treten,
 Um allhier, dich anzubeten—
5. Und, wenn wir, dein Lob hier singen:
 Zum Abschluß, und beim beginnen—
 Oder, wenn wir auch anhören
 Deine heilsam' reine Lehren;
6. O dann, gib reichlich das Gedeih'n,
 Das viele Herzen sich erfreu'n;
 Und dir, zu Tempeln eingeweiht,
 In Zeit, und alle Ewigkeit.

No. 1.

GREAT Sov'reign of the earth and sky
 And Lord of all below ;
 Before thy glorious majesty,
 Ten thousand seraphs bow.

2

Yet thou art not confin'd above,
 Thy presence knows no bound ;
 Where'er thy praying people meet,
 There thou art always found.

3

Behold, a temple rais'd for thee
 O meet thy people here ;
 Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
 And in thy church appear.

4

Within these walls, let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell ;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

5

Here, may salvation be proclaim'd,
 By thy most precious blood ;
 And sinners know the joyful sound,
 And own the Saviour, God.

6

Here, may a num'rous crowd arise,
 To bow before thy throne,
 Here may their songs salute the skies,
 To ages yet unborn.

7

[O thou, whose presence fills all space,
 Whom heav'n and earth adore ;
 Make this thy church, thy dwelling place,
 Till time shall be no more.**]**

No. 2.

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode ?

And will he from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own ?

2

[We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us, sinful mortals near.]

3

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are
There we behold thy gracious rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

4

These walls we to thy honor raise ;
Long may they echo with thy praise.
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5

Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
While pow'r divine his word attends
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

6

And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

No. 3.

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise :

O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlasting days :

He, with a nod, the world controuls,
Sustains, or sinks the distant poles.

2

To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine ;
Wide is his bounty known,

And wide his glories shine :
 Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
 Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3

Great King of glory, come,
 And with thy favour crown
 This temple as thy dome,
 This people as thy own :
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
 How God can dwell with men below.

4

Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies :
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread celestial joys around !

5

Here, may th' attentive throng,
 Imbibe thy truth and love ;
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above :
 And willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord !

6

Here may unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise ;
 And shine, like polish'd stones,
 Thro' long succeeding days :
 Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r
 While temples stand, and men adore.

No. 4.

1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts !
 'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
 Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
 While far from thine abode ;

When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God?

- 3 With his rich gifts, the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will :
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

No. 5.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, how lovely is the place
To which the Lord resorts !
Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.
- 2 To sit one day beneath his eye,
And hear his gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 3 Lord at thy threshold I would wait;
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state
Among the tents of sin.
- 4 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

No. 6.

- 1 **O** Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, thou art !

Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !

6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs ;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

7 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

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J. S. WIESTLING, PRINTER.

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